

When the ring is in, the people are out.

The House traveled over 45 miles of the Mills last one day last week. At this rate Gabriel will have the closing speech.

The Princeton Banner donned a new dress last week and looked as pretty as a peach tree in spring when in full bloom.

The Kentucky representatives are quite "dip" on the Mills bill, but when they get to hear they hang there in dead silence.

Billy O'Bradley has the Kentucky delegation muzzled and they will bark only when he pulls the string—that is if the hoodlums are not too strong for him.

It's not the "Star Spangled Banner," which is troubling "Hannah," but the old "Red Bandanna" which hangs on the wall—Clarksville Chronicle.

The town elixir is very like a noted personage who is the subject of a very well known stanza:

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he."

Col. Cassius W. Goodloe will place Col. W. O. Bradley's name before the Chicago convention for the Vice Presidency. Of course this is understood is a mere pleasantry which one Kentucky Colonel desires to show another.

Henry Watterson prepares all his speeches in Sanskrit and then translates them first into German and then into French. If the accomplished journalist don't look sharp he will be embarrassed by a confusion of tongues.

Mrs. John A. Logan is in Chicago working for Alger. She is a hustler and made a big man out of a mighty common place of timber when she engineered her late husband on to the ticket in 1881. It remains to be seen what she can do with Alger.

The prohibition vote grew from 5,508 in 1872 to 151,809 in 1884, and it is estimated that the drys will poll 400,000 votes this year, and then some belated presidential candidate will be cursing these demitition party deflections.

Mr. W. S. Stieritt has left the Central City Republic after a red hot scuffle with "the world, the flesh and the devil" and retired into temporary solitude to repair his cussing battery. The Republic will now be edited by Oscar Hooge, of Louisville.

Editor James W. Hopper has left the fraternal, stepping down from the tripod of the Lebanon Standard and Times last week. He is one of the old land marks, and he will leave a hole in journalistic social circles that will be kept empty in honor of his memory. There was no editor in the state better known and more universally liked.

Henry Wobley, a wealthy Englishman, refused to marry Miss Grace Campbell, daughter of the ex-Secretary of the Interior, because he discovered just before the day for the wedding that her fortune was not sufficient. In the first place, Wobley deserves to be kicked, and in the second, an American girl who sells herself for notoriety's sake merits the disappointment.

William Patterson the accomplice of Albert Turner, in the murder of Jennie Bowman, must die on the gallows at last. Gov. Buckner has given this case a long and very careful investigation and study, hearing all the evidence and argument of the attorneys for and against, and decided to interfere with the court's judgment. The execution will take place next Friday.

The candidates will fire a salute from the stump at Fairview next Monday. After that the gloss of rhetoric on their armor will be worn off and the people may expect to hear some pretty tall thundering. Col. McPherson, and Jim Breathitt are veterans, and West, Haubery and Wiley are in excellent fighting shape. The American eagle, in the meantime, has gone West to grow up with the country.

A private letter from Lynchburg, Va., states that the Mill City is very much turned up by Thurman's nomination. "I think," says the writer, "that no one knew he was a Lynchburger until he received the nomination and his history was revived, and now he is being claimed as a very beloved son of the Mill City. We are flouting bandanas and firing cannon, etc., etc., in honor of one we had lost sight of entirely."

It is announced that after settling all outstanding debts the estate of the late Hoscoe Conkling will amount to between \$700,000 and \$800,000. This sum was accumulated during about seven years of close attention on the part of Mr. Conkling to his legal practice. During the time he paid off a security indebtedness in 1864 of \$150,000. Mr. Conkling of late years had received some of the largest fees ever paid a lawyer in this or any other country.

PITCOCK'S PLUNGE. A TRIP TO NASHVILLE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND ITS AWFUL RESULTS.

The Nashville American of last Saturday contained the following:

"After the arrival of the 7:30 train from Hopkinsville last night a young gentleman who was accompanied by a young woman, seemingly an unwilling companion, registered at Luck's Hotel as John Younger and wife, Hopkinsville, Ky. Their peculiar conduct attracted attention, and under investigation by Chief Clark and Chief of Detectives Porter, the young man, who finally gave his name as J. H. Pitcock, of Kentucky, was arrested on the charge of abduction for illegal purposes and taken to the station-house. He is a wealthy young tobacco grower from near Cadiz, Ky., and the girl's family are tenants on his farm.

A reporter saw Pitcock at the station, but could not get him to talk much. He says that the girl came here with him agreeing to be registered as man and wife. He said that the young lady had been married and that she has a young child twelve months of age. He admitted that he had made improper proposals to the girl, but she would not listen to them until yesterday, when she agreed to come here and register as man and wife with him. The reporter then went to the hotel, where he found the young lady trembling and very much frightened. Through the kindness of the housekeeper of the hotel the reporter was introduced to the young lady, and by dint of persuasion she told him all she knew.

She said that her name was Lucy Hammond, and she lived near the village of Wallonia, in Trigg county, Kentucky, twenty miles from Hopkinsville, with her mother and three brothers. She says that this man, Pitcock, or Pil, as she calls him, has boarded at her mother's house for a year or more, he having a large tobacco farm near there. She said that he some time received letters addressed as J. H. Younger and J. H. Pitcock. He had always conducted himself as a gentleman should, and that her mother had placed implicit confidence in him.

On Thursday Pitcock told the young lady's mother that he was going to Nashville on business and that he would be absent two days. He asked if Lucy could go with him. The girl's mother placed her innocent daughter in the hands of Pitcock and told him that she might go and see the city, but to bring her back safe. She gave her daughter some money, and about 9 o'clock yesterday morning they left home in a buggy for Hopkinsville to catch the train. The young lady said that she had been engaged to Pitcock for some time, and that they were to have been married soon."

"At the trial on Saturday Lucy Hammond told a different tale from that she had previously told the reporter and detectives, as to not being married. In reply to questions asked by the judge, she said that she had been married and had a child 15 months old. She said that her husband had left her four times, and they were separated the last time about the first of last March. She said that her husband was named Lorenzo Young, and that he owned a farm about three miles from the house where her mother lived. The house that the girl's mother lived in was owned by Pitcock, and he let them live in it for doing the cooking. She also said that the reason she came here was that she went to Hopkinsville with Pitcock to have some dresses made for her little girl. After they had reached Hopkinsville Pitcock proposed coming on to Nashville and she came willingly. She said that her mother knew she was coming to Hopkinsville.

The judge asked her where she was married and she replied: "Near Princeton, Ky., by a preacher named Winn." The said that she had been engaged to marry Pitcock and was trying to get a divorce from her husband, whom she said "was running around other girls."

When Judge McAllister said that she had better go home Lucy haughtily asked "Why can't he go too?" meaning Pitcock.

Judge McAllister replied that he was keeping the man to protect her and that Pitcock would be sent to jail. The girl was put on the train by Chief Slack and Detective Porter and sent home on the Hopkinsville accommodation yesterday afternoon.

After considering the case about holding Pitcock Judge McAllister concluded that as no offense had been committed in this state and no warrant sworn out, that he could not hold Pitcock, but he would not release him until 9 o'clock last night, keeping him until there was no possibility of receiving an answer to the telegram sent to the girl's brother by way of Cerulean Springs, Ky. Receiving no answer to the appointed hour, 9 o'clock last night, Pitcock was set at liberty, and he says that he will go home this morning and smooth matters over. He says that he meant to sleep with the girl if he could, but she would not let him. It was told by Chief Clark that he must pay the girl's board and fare home, which he did.

The above reports created a sensation, and the return to this city of the romantic couple was eagerly watched for. The young lady arrived on the accommodation train Saturday night and was escorted to the Phoenix by Christy Dillinger. Early Sunday morning she called for Pitcock's buggy at the livery stable and made a bee line for home. She had hardly left the city before Pitcock arrived.

He came in on the 1 o'clock freight. The train broke down at the Bradshaw road crossing and he footed it into town. He called at the 9th street boarding house where he stopped on Friday and got some bundles he left there. He then went to Tobe Smith's stable and ordered a buggy, appearing to be very much excited. Joe McLaughlin, the colored driver, says Pitcock urged him to drive fast as it was "a matter of life or death with him," as he was afraid the girl's brothers would kill him. McLaughlin says that they overtook the woman just beyond McGhee's store. Pitcock rushed to her buggy and the meeting was very affectionate. The driver further says that Pitcock said "he intended to marry the girl."

From a friend of Pitcock's we learn that he came to Trigg county three years ago and is now a very successful farmer. He is married and two months ago sent his wife and child away on a visit. He has always borne a good reputation. The girl Lucy Hammond married Alonzo Young but the current of their domestic life did not run smooth. There has been talk about Pitcock's relations with her for some time. Just what the final outcome of the escapade will be no one knows.

CERULEAN SPRINGS, KY.

After a storm there is always a calm, and on this quiet, lovely day, I thought a good time to write you a little of the opening ball. It is a traditional fact that Cerulean never had an opening ball without rain. Last Friday at 5 p. m. it commenced to rain, and a more disagreeable evening I think I never saw. It looked like a failure for while for an opening ball. At 6 p. m., however, the first train came in with a fair number and before they had supper and put away, the excursion train from Clarksville pulled in at the union depot and the ball was then an assured success. Shortly afterward the Princeton train came and unloaded her cargo of grace and beauty while Hopkinsville delegates came occasionally with the same kind of a cargo. By this time Cerulean Springs were an aspect of former years. The hotel was lighted with its hundred lights. The balconies were swarming with young men and lovely ladies. Over two hundred people assembled here in less than three hours. At ten o'clock the elegant spacious new dining room was cleared of the tables, chairs lined the walls around, the chandeliers threw forth their radiant light, the strains from the band called the dancers forth, and it was not long before those present forgot the cares and troubles of this world. I could not, however, help feeling a little sad while viewing that beautifully lighted room and seeing the young men and ladies in full party dress, to look down toward the old ball room, where a few years ago such pleasant dances we used to have, to see it wrapped in solemn darkness, all alone and forgotten. It seemed that pleasant memories of the past would not let themselves be crowded out by the pleasant events of the present, and kept coming up in my mind all evening. So mingling the pleasant events of past and present a more enjoyable evening I never spent at Cerulean, and you could see that satisfaction was pictured on the countenance of every one. I have already stated that over two hundred were present and they came principally from Hopkinsville, Clarksville, Princeton, and Cadiz, and some from Louisville, Nashville and Evansville.

At 3 a. m. all was quiet and over one hundred and fifty people were nicely put away, tired out and sound asleep. And now Cerulean is down to business and ready for work. To-day's register shows a good number for a start and with those who were already here we have a good crowd.

NOTES.

I stated above I could not give costumes but I promised Starling Thompson not to leave him out. He wore full dress with diamonds and low neck shoes.

On account of rain Prof. P. Pool could not give his concert in the open air, but I understand it will come off Monday night, June 18th. A large crowd from the neighborhood assembled notwithstanding the weather and were disappointed.

Parties started from Dawson to attend the ball but did not reach here until next day on account of rain.

Jim Ware and party just did get here. I can't say where Jim will locate the small farm he brought with him on his clothes.

Mr. Purcell, manager of the Arlington Hotel, of Clarksville, complimented the proprietors for the manner and style in which they have fitted up the hotel. He is a hotel man and knows what he is talking about.

Saturday night the ball room was lighted and a pleasant dance we had. A regular home dance.

Hon. Jas. A. McKenize came up arranging for a big time on the 4th of July. Mr. McKenize has been invited and expressed himself as willing to address the people on that day. When all the arrangements are made I will write you in full. Two or three thousand people will be here that day.

Not a drunken man or a fight during the whole time. This speaks volumes for an opening ball. Doc.

The State Central Committee meets in Lexington to-night to consider plans for organizing this state. Chairman Alford suggests that the county committees shall be re-organized and invigorated with fresh blood; also that Democratic clubs be formed so as to develop enthusiasm all along the line and once more regather our lost majority of 40,000. Both of these plans are excellent. There is one thing, however, to be considered—there can never be a high state of enthusiasm developed in a state with a heavy majority either way, and when the gentlemen who undertake this work encounter the current of cool indifference, they should not be discouraged, for it is the natural thing under the circumstances.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Two Young Ladies Who Appreciate the Productions of Goethe.

It is to be hoped that the writers mentioned in the following dialogue may not see the following profound and critical analysis and digest of their works. It would but add to their vanity should they do so, and of that abstract quality they now have all that is good for them.

"What are you reading now, Mame?"

"Oh, I'm reading Tolstol."

"Isn't he splendid?"

"Oh, just splendid! Wasn't 'Anna Karen' splendid?"

"Splendid! Have you read any of Turgenev's books yet?"

"Oh, yes, I've just finished 'Dmitri Rodion'."

"Isn't it splendid?"

"Splendid! I think all his books are splendid."

"So they are just splendid."

"How do you like Howells?"

"He's a splendid, too."

"Yes, indeed. Have you ever read any of Holmes'?"

"Oh, of course. Isn't he splendid?"

"Isn't he, though? He's so funny, too. Isn't 'Elsie Venner' splendid?"

"Just splendid! But Miss Maloch's books are the ones I cry over."

"They are just splendid! Did you ever read Hugo's 'Les Misérables'?"

"Oh, but it's exciting! But it's splendid, too. Don't it sound funny?"

"Yes, rather, but it's a splendid clear through."

"Indeed it is. I like to have a book end right."

"So do I. That's what makes Dickens' books so splendid. They end so good."

"They are splendid, aren't they?"

"Just splendid."

"Splendid!"—Detroit Free Press.

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